

Imagining History & Aliens

There were blank fields
 then, flat & buildingless
among the right angles
 of tract home blocks,
the lots' dirt mounds
 & dirt clods in the shape
of the unknown. Those few
 undeveloped corners
of scrub brush & pale earth
 refusing to bloom, square
vacancies of gaps & lacks
 a playground
of imagining: pioneers pressing
 forward, missionaries
converting the unwilling,
 martyrs roasting
in a desert six feet
 from the hose nozzle
of some stranger's green lawn.
 The games we loved
best made us adult, grew drama
 out of emptiness.
Sometimes we brought household
 things to the spot as birds
would: pin cushion, ladle, metal tongs.
 Sometimes we played alien
visitation on the mesa—silver saucer,
 magnetic beams, some destiny
drawing us into that magnificent darkness
 lifting off the very earth.
There was a portal of escape in the blank:
 we built it thought by thought.